

What Will You See?

by Diana Clay



I flew a kite on Ballycastle beach.

The kite wanted to fly away.

It took no notice of me, panting,

"Here kite, come back, wait for me,"

but sailed off on red and purple wings.

The string broke and I waved it goodbye

sailing north over Rathlin.

"Will you sail far away, kite?"

Will you see polar bears?

Goodbye, kite!

Have a good journey!"



“...the breezes of God’s ... Revelation have been blown upon the uttermost corners of the earth....” Shoghi Effendi